CHAPTER XXIX.

I Touch Bottom. "Pardon, sir, for not waiting till you came down," the butler was say ing, "but Mr. Billings was just so set on me bringing this to you, I had to." He had entered, responding to Jenkins' invitation, bearing in his hand a

gray paper parcel. "For me?" I questioned, as he laid it on the table, and I eyed it ominous ly. Yet it could not be the same I had sent Billings myself-I could see that -for it was smaller, more compact and in a different wrapper. But I was afraid to examine it.

"Yes, sir-he's very bad this morn ing, sir; the-er-that is, something last night seems to have excited him. His eye roved eloquently between Jenkins and myself. He continued

"He's locked me and Perkins out of his rooms again, and wouldn't open the door only wide enough to slick thi through. And his message"-hesitatingly-"he said just tell you you had better get these pajamas back where they came from just as quickly as you could-you would if you were wise, he said."

"Oh!" I uttered, dazed by this new blow. So it was her pajamas. But there was more of the message

-I could see it in Wilkes' eye.

"Yes, sir," he went on as I gave



I Sat There a Moment Swallowing Hard.

him a nod. "Mr. Billings called through the door-crack-and his voice was particularly shrill-screechy-like -very unnatural, sir-and he said: You tell him I say he'll find it very dangerous to keep them by him a moment; tell him my advice is to return them immediately!

Here the butler hesitated an instant and added: "And he said for me to try to remember three letters I was to mention-said you would understand."

"Three letters?" I repeated dully. "Yes, sir, three letters-I did remember 'em, too, because they happened to be the initials of a young woman I-h'm! Q. E. D., sir." "Q. E. D.?" I said, puzzled and mis-

erable. "What's Q. E. D.?" And then an idea startled me.

"Oh I say, you mean-er-P. D. Q. -eh, Wilkes?" It sounded like Jack! But he seemed sure he didn't; insisted on Q. E. D. When he had withdrawn, I sat there a moment, swallowing hard. By Jove, when a chap has had the hardest blow of his life, and that, too, from his best friend, it's devilish hard to come up smiling.

Presently I pulled myself together, Jenkins, as he helped me dress, eyed me in a frightened way, his face kind of pale and greenish. Neither of us said a word, but I knew I had his sympathy, poor fellow-and it helped! Then, with the parcel in my hand, I marched slowly down the stairs, forgetting even some instructions I should have given Jenkins.

She was there in the living-roomshe and the frump. And when I saw her dear face and realized what disaster had come between us, I felt things whirling around me like a jolly what's-its-name and dropped my hand on a chair-back hard, until I could stiffen and smile up. But, by Jove, she was on!

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Lightnut?" she asked, coming toward meand how kindly, almost tenderly, her

sweet face softened! "Is it anything about Jacky?" snap-

ped the frump. I shook my head and just gently

placed the little wrapped parcel in Frances' hands. My hand shook so I almost dropped it.

"Some-something of yours that was lost." I said, and I knew my voice shook a little, too, "I was fortunate in recovering it." I looked at herfor the last time. I knew-and it was just my devilish luck that she got misty and dim. I whispered hoarsely: "Open when you are alone."

, And then I walked straight out of the house!

, A gardener directed me to the park gates, but there were so many dashed curves and terraces I got hopelessly twisted, and pretty soon didn't know whether I was leaving or coming, don't you know. I sat down on an iron bench to think it over, and, by Jove, I must have dozed off, for the first thing I knew some one velled my name, and I looked up to see-Bill-

He was looking a bit soiled and disheveled, and his eyes had a haunted

"What the devil are you doing, sitting here?" he demanded.

"I-I'm going," I said, hurriedly getting to my feet. "Just resting-I-" "They told me I would find you here," he said. "Here you are, sitting out here in the hot sun without me.

any hat! Good thing, Dicky, you haven't got any-h'm!" Then he panted at me: "Say, nice way you and my sister treated me-I don't think! But I'll forgive you this time." Here he linked his arm in mine. "I'll forgive you, if you never say anything at the club about those damned black pajamas-nor in the family,

this get out!" "I wouldn't think of such a thing!" exclaimed, immeasurably relieved, but indignant, as well. He led me

either. Great Scott! I wouldn't have

across the turf. "Oh, I've had an awful time, Dicky! Awful!"-he lifted his hands-"Oh, I don't want to tell you about it-I don't

want even to think about it myself!" I murmured something sympathetic, for I felt sympathetic with anything; besides, there still lingered a bit of headache from the Heidelberg punch and I could imagine from that what his feelings must have been.

"By George, Dicky," he burst out again, "the way I've been shut up and treated just seems like some infernal conspiracy. Good thing Jack Ellsworth's dad had a pull with the mayor -tell you all the whole rotten business when I can talk about it quietly."

"That's right! that's right!" I said soothingly, "wouldn't think about it at all now, old chap!" No use reminding him, you know, that he had shut himself up. Perides, the wandering of his mind to Jack Ellsworth and his father showed me that even yet he was not quite himself.

Billings mopped his forehead. "My, but it was hot in that hole!" he exclaimed, "And that reminds mehave you seen the governor this morning? No? Well, talk about hot! George, but the old man was hot under the collar when I saw him just now! And he looks like he had been dropped from a shot tower! It's this case he's working on, I guess, or else it's about Francis. He's found out what I knew."

"Do-do you think so?" I questioned nervously.

"Pretty sure," said Billings careup to send Francis to some kind of reformatory-heard him making the arrangements over the 'phone"-I was glad he didn't look at me as he rattled on-"and, by the way, the governor told me to tell you not to say a word to Francis-I suppose you'll understand."

Understand? Oh, yes, I understood! "And he said he wanted to see you." "Is-is he here?" I stammered, pulling back.

"Thank goodness, no. Gone to meet Colonel Francis Kirkland-say, don't say anything about it-wants to surprise his daughter, you know. On his the wooden uprights of the pergola, way to London via San Francisco- and of course nails wouldn't do to arrived at Washington a few days

Oh, the frump's father! Much I cared! But knowing how interested he was in her, I tried to show an interest.

"Colonel Francis-er-isn't his daughter named after him?" And 1 felt myself grow jolly red, for I remembered that she had told me that about her friend as she sat on the arm of the Morris chair and in the black pajamas.

"Hanged if I know," said Billings carelessly. "I don't know what her name is-don't remember that I ever heard." He whistled. "Say, but did you ever see anything as stunningly pretty in your life?"

I balked. By Jove, I had been doing some mild lying within the past twenty-four hours, but this was asking too much. Dash me if I just could go it, that's all. But he didn't seem to notice.

He slapped me on the back. "By George, Dicky, there's just the girl cut out for you, old chap-take my tip. I think she likes you, toocould see it just now when I was talking about you."

So that was it, I reflected gloomily. The frump now was to be worked off on me, and I was expected to stand for it. I was to be a sort of what-youcall-it offering on the altar of friendship. That was the condition upon which he was patching up things!

Billings laughed suddenly. "But, oh, I tell you it would be hard on Francis-a regular knockout, by George!"

Devilish brutal for him to say so, I thought.

"Do you think so?" I questioned "Would Frances really dismally.

"Oh, yes," he said lightly. "Soon

get over it, though-puppy love, you know." Puppy love, indeed! By Jove, how

I hated Billings! He went on: "Suppose you never

heard anything of the professor and the pajamas?" I had not, and I was devilish sick of pajamas, anyway.

"And say, Dicky, I don't remember that I ever thanked you properly, old man, for putting up my kid brother the other night. He says you treated him like a brick and that you and he got to be great pals. So much obliged, old chap, because he wanted to go running around, you know."

"Your brother?" I questioned, astonished, and I guess my face must have showed it, for Billings' eyes, first opening wide, narrowed, and his countenance began to gather an angry red. He stopped short.

"Didn't he stay with you?" he snapped. I stared blankly. Why, Billings-I didn't know-I didn't remember you

had a brother. I never have seen

Billings' face swelled redder, and he struck his fist down with an oath. He looked angrily toward the house. Then he stepped hurriedly in advance of

"Excuse me, old chap, will you?"

he said his voice hardened. "Will at home, won't you?"

CHAPTER XXX.

Under the Pergola. Make myself at home! I sneaked under the quiet shade in a convenient pergola, and, dropping upon a bench, gazed gloomily at the sunlight patches at my feet.

"Oh, here you are, eh?" broke harshly upon me. I looked up, startled from my mood. There, hands upon his hips and scowling, stood-the chauffeur!

I frowned, but the fellow moved nearer. "I guess mamma's baby don't feel so spry this morning!" he jeered. "Does

its little heady-cums ache-ums-eh?" I grunted rather wearily. "If it does, my good fellow, it's none of your business. Don't bother me!" I shifted the other way.

"Oh, isn't it?"-his tone quickened truculently-Well, maybe I'll make it my business!" He jerked his arm at me, continuing sharply: "Look here, you glass-eyed monkey-jack, don't you get flip with me this morning"-he laughed coarsely-"or I'll think you

want some more! Do you?" I turned my head and, polishing my monocle carefully, gave it a tight screw and took him in slowly, beginending with the toes of his soiled canvas shoes. By Jove, I was sure they'd never been whitened since he bought them. I seemed to anger him. He uttered

a sort of snort with a mutter uncomplimentary and strode forward, towering above me where I sat. "Answer, when I'm talking to you,

you sapheaded fool," he bellowed, "or I'll wring your neck! I asked if you was ed some more." I stretched my arms, trying their muscle room in a lengthy yawn, and

blinked at him with my free eye, wondering where the deuce he got the crimson hat band. By Jove, that was the most dashed impertinent thing of all!

"More what?" I drawled indifferently.

"More-of that!" - viciously - and thwack his knuckles struck against the iron back of the jolly bench. For I wasn't there, don't you know,

"Huh! Think you're some smart, don't you?" he sneered, hitching his trousers band. "Now, look here"he leveled his finger-"you're a guest here and I know I oughtn't to do it, and I hate it for Jack's sake, but I'm feeling I'll just have to give you another trimming this lovely morning!" He chuckled, rolling his lips and lessly. "Fact is, he's already fixing spreading them till I could see every tooth. He moved toward me leisurely, slipping up his sleeves. "What you got last night, sonny, was for your own sake, but this time it's going to be for Frances'-you fishworm!"

"Guess we'll leave Miss Frances out of it, don't you know," I remonstrated. Dash the fellow's impudence! Then, remembering I was wearing a coat of dark cheviot that was the very devil for showing every speck of dust, I slipped out of it and looked about for somewhere to hang it. Not a dashed place, of course; not a thing, you know, except nails here and there in hang a coat on. So I just folded the jolly thing carefully-very carefully, just as I had seen Jenkins do-and

then I held it on my arm. The chap had been shifting about me in a curve, clucking his tongue contemptuously and muttering, and getting more jolly red-eyed and abusive every minute.

"Be a man!" he snarled. "You blamed tailor's dummy, be a man!" And he struck his chest a blow to show me what he meant. And just then I remembered to

smooth my hair-part. "Oh, you-" With a growl like a bear, he swept both his hands to his



head and whirled then great yellow pile, leav standing on end like th fretful what's-its-name danced toward me, paus to double over with a "Oh, this is too good "But I can't help it; fuse the money, Lizzie! send me away for this,

ma! And over he'd double Oddest thing, isu't jolly active mind will rummest times; and I then of how, when I boy, bully old Doctor tor Madden had preso ing-bag, and later boxis I thought with a pang times the governor ar ping, and of what kn ally began to give me me to learn to come Jove, what corking

And then when Chuge English light-weight of to butler-oh, what handed rounds we used old governor who was on his sermons but take a walk or a ric talk with me, or fight

By Jove, my dashed cloudy of a sudden, I the chauffeur's moveyou know!

And then-"I say, you know!" edly, as I screwed

fully raw thing to strike at a man and leave your guard open like that there is to know, Jack. I wouldn't

don't you know!' I heard a little sound behind me and

there was she! "Oh!" I gasped as I slipped into my coat. And now I was miserable, for I remembered how kind this chauffeur, Scoggins, had been to her. And for her to have seen me in this vulgar row!

"Yes, I saw it all," she said, as I moved toward her, murmuring some jolly effort at apology. Her eyes were shining. "I saw it all, sir-and heard. And just when I had hunted you up with these!"-and then I saw that her arms were burgeoning with roses. "See what I've been doing for you, sir!'

"For me?" By Jove, it was all I could say as I took them!

"And you ran off!" She pouted adorably—naturally, too, dash it. I've seen them put it on when they looked like they had toothache. "How am I ever going to thank you about the pajamas?" By Jove, her big blue eyes looked me frankly in the face. There was never a quiver of embarrassment. "It's wonderful—and to find them here!"

"I'd-I'd have got 'em to you sooner." I faltered, swallowing, "but ning with his yellow mop of hair and | they've been lost a day or two-thier stole them from my rooms, you know." "How on earth did you ever get hold of them? I never expected to see those pajamas again. Oh, you must tell me all about how you managed it!"-and we moved away-"I just wish father were here!" I didn't! Dash it, it made me squirm

> to think of his return. As we left the pergola behind, I looked backward through its arch, and there was the chauffeur, standing in the shadows, looking after us. And long after, as we turned from the good heavens!" straight avenue leading through the pergola, I descried his figure, still looking after us, anchanged, immovable. It was rum!

But I had other things to think of as we sat out in the loggia-chiefly of her, herself; withal, wondering gloomily what her father would say when he found I had disobeyed his injunction about not speaking to her. Presently the summons to luncheon came, and we went in.

From up-stairs came sounds indicating great hilarity on Billings' part. In fact, we could hear him slapping his knee and screaming. The frump looked at me anxiously.

"Why, I understood he was all right

again," she said aside. I shook my head dubiously. I had seen in the past day or two how rapidly Billings' moods shifted. Twenty minutes since he had looked enraged. "Oh, this is too good-but keep it mum!" we heard. "Come on, Professor!"

"Professor?" The rrump looked at Frances, then at Wilkes inquiringly. "I didn't know, miss," he murmured contritely. "'S why I didn't mention

We were crossing the great hall in the direction of the beautiful diningroom beyond-Elizabethan, I think Frances said it was. We all paused expectantly as Billings rolled down the stairs in his usual jolly, elephantine way. And then on the landing appeared an apparition-not only an apparition, but, by Jove, a scarecrow, as Professor Doozenbarry, blandly smil-

ing-his rail-like figure shrouded flabbily in one of Billings' largest and loudest suits! Billings went through the form of introductions, chuckling idiotically the while. But the professor scarcely noticed any one but the frump.

"Don't wait, Wilkes," Billings directed. His nod beckoned me aside. "Gentleman sulking in his tent over here I want you to meet," he said. And I followed him to the library. A figure pacing the floor turned sharply. By Jove, it was the chauffeur, and

how he did scowl at me! "Now, young man," said Billings sternly, "perhaps you'll have the nerve to tell me before Mr. Lightnut himself that you were his guest on your way home from Harvard."

"I certainly was!" He made the statement, chin up and eyes blazing. "I was his guest at the Kahoka Wednesday night, and he knows it." Billings looked at me and shrugged

his shoulders. "Don't bother denying it, old man," he said. "It's all right."

"Oh, but I say-it isn't!" I exclaimed in disgusted amaze. "Dashed rning at the re yesterday

> shaking his e a school sh? Bet you this paragon here on the y." Billings

nembering.

impudent. ed, warming Billings, who

" And I adannoyed, you 'My brother,'

lmost shouted vered his voice "And I say, u were on the g as a 'Mr. insulted Franbrother's hand did-sister told was you when t it this mornreath. "I can't nut, when you rooms, because er than I am, und and shrugwe are in this infernal hypok to know it." and faced his iend, Mr. Lightblack pajamas

ne did me. Ask groan, "More uttered.

from the room

"Ask him to

him there, his yellow mat sticking out - I faced him eagerly. "I never told whether her brother had told her yet ne said, his voice hardened. Will of sight through the jolly vines. "Aw- him about her—I'll swear I didn't," I pleaded miserably. "You know all



And This Was the Frump's Father.

that. I-love her too well. Much less would I go and tell her own brother.' "Wha-a-a-at?" Billings' fat body almost leaped into the air. "What the devil-say, old chap, what are you talking about?"

"And, besides, she's forgiven me," I persisted gloomily. "And I love herand-and we're going to be marriedor I hope so, dash it!"

Billings stared at me with popping eyes for an instant. Then he lifted my chin and looked at me anxiously. "Are you quite well, old man?" he asked. "Headache, or anything like that? By George, it's from sitting out in the sun without a hat. Marry my sister?" He wagged his head lugu-"What-Elizabeth? Oh, briously.

"No-Frances," I explained anx-

lously. He stared. "Francis?" Then his arm led me out. "Come along, old chap," he said with an air of concern. "We'll get a little ice-"

There was a bustle near the hall entrance, and I heard a commanding voice I recognized as that of Judge

"Come right in, Colonel, and we will try to make you forget that little exasperation-do you know I just can't get over the idea that I've seen you comewhere and recently- Hello, Jack! Colonel Kirkland, my eldest boy, Jack-named after his mother, Johanna. Look here, Jack, has everybody on the blithering police force gone crazy about pajamas? Most infernal outrage-pardon me, Colonel Kirkland-three policemen wanted to arrest him on description-dragnet order, they said-for stealing a pair of silk pajamas. Even hear the like of that?"

Billings' voice murmured something, and then I was dully conscious of my name being passed and of the fact that I was limply shaking a hand. But I don't remember uttering a word -couldn't, by Jove, for my jolly tongue was paralyzed. Didn't know what to do; didn't know what to say, you know, for there before my eyes, recognizable and unmistakable, despite frock coat and white choker tie.

was the figure of "Foxy Grandpa." The beefy face, white mutton ch whiskers and bald head were as indelibly imprinted on my memory as he sunburn line that fenced his flery

And this was the frump's father, and it was for him she was scheming to make a home!

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Club.

I didn't go in to luncheon. Instead, I lay down up in my room, wondering what Jenkins would think. when he saw Foxy Grandpa a guest with me under this roof, and wondering also what I ought to do, or if I should do anything. I came to the conclusion finally that I wouldn't say anything for the present, for I had about all the complications I could

carry. Presently I went down to the livingroom, where they were all assembled. and my heart leaped as I thought I detected a brightening in' Frances

face as I entered. Billings was waving the frump away with his fat hand. "Take it away," he

said. "I hate bugs." "But, Jacky," said the frump pleadingly, "I think it's a phusiotus glori-

"I don't care if it's a giraffe," said Billings rudely.

But the professor was already across the room to the rescue. "Ha! not a gloriosa," he said animatedly, as he snooped over the little greenish thing in the frump's hand.

"Observe the shortened prothorax and mesothorax ana-" "And metathorax," chimed in the frump, her head close to his.

"It is a phanaeus carnifex," said the professor positively. By Jove, it looked to me like what

we used to call a dung beetle!

And then the two cranks went out in the sun with butterfly nets, and Frances and I drifted out to our pavilion overlooking the broad sween of the Tappan Zee. As yet, her father had said nothing to me, but I knew that the blow might fall any moment. Only the arrival of the frump's father had so far saved me. And though I had gone right ahead violating his jolly injunction about Frances, I kept a sort of parole with him by avoiding any discussion of things that I knew would have interested my darling the most-that is, our love and our future. Later we took a drive through Sleepy Hollow and the Pocantico Hills. But though we grew better and better acquainted every minute, I couldn't help feeling devilish disappointed, for never once did she ever call me "Dicky." I wondered moodily

of his plans for me.

In the evening, the younger brother showed up at dinner, but sulked, which -I could have put it over your heart, tell anybody in the world a thing like I thought under the circumstances was about the most considerate thing he

could have done. Once during the evening, Billings, who had been talking with the professor, turned to me. "By the way, Dicky-those pajamas, you knowwhat did you do with them this morning?" He and the professor whispered again; then Billings turned "Gray paper parcel-um-you back. know?"

Know? Dash it, of course I knew, but I-

"Why, I have them now," came quietly from my companion, "thanks to Mr. Lightnut. He gave them to me this morning."

"Gave them to you!" gasped Billings. He whispered to me: "But the rubies, you cuckoo-you didn't give her those?"

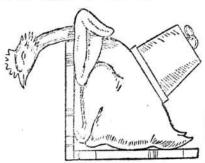
(To Be Continued.)

PACK CHICKENS FOR MARKET

Fowls Should Not Carry Too Much Fat, but Just Enough to Make Flesh Tender When Cooked.

An over-fat fowl is almost as objectionable as a lean one. To fatten chickens properly they should be so fed as to have just enough fat to make them fleshy and to cook well. The fat should be well intermixed with lean meat.

Most buyers of chickens prefer crate-fed birds, as they believe them to be superior to those fed in loose



Chicken Weighted by Shaping Board.

pens. It does not make much difference how chickens are fed, so long as the fat is laid on in proper quantities

and with right distribution. The bird should be killed by a knife blade piercing the brain, as this promotes free bleeding. It should be hung up by the feet, head down, and plucked before it becomes cold. Poultry buyers prefer chickens that have about two inches of feathers adjoining the head.

After being plucked, the bird should be placed on a shaping board, the weight on top, to give it a compact appearance. Never allow chickens to remain hanging by the legs after being plucked, as it gives them a thin and leggy appearance.



Success with poultry is a matter of details.

A clean hen house is necessary both summer and winter. Fertile eggs cannot be shipped safely unless they have strong shells.

Slacked lime is a good disinfectant

to scatter around the poultry yards. Mate about five ducks to one drake, and thirty can easily be housed in each pen.

For quick fattening try a mash of corn meal and skimmilk. Feed it warm

three times a day. Success in commercial poultry farm. ing depends upon success in the hatching and rearing of the chicks.

No one need hesitate to buy incubators or brooders because they have not before used them or saw them used. The person who raises good stock need have no fear about prices. First class fowls always bring good prices, no matter how great the surplus of

ordinary stock is. It is a noticeable fact that few improvements have been made in recent years on the old standard breeds. Conservative raisers and dealers still prefer the old standbys.

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